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Acalite
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In Loving Memory of Patrick Stuart

To An Athlete Dying Young

The time you won your town race
We chaired you through the market-place;
Man and boy stood cheering by,
And home we brought you shoulder high.

To-day, the road all runners come,
Shoulder high, we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsman of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut
Cannot see the record cut,
And silence sounds no worse than cheers
After earth has stopped the ears:

Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honors out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade,
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
And hold to the low lintel up
The still-defended challenge cup.

And round that early-laureled head
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
And find unwithered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl's.

A.E. Housman

ERRANT DESIGN
(The Flower)
Sandor Boulter

Sitting from afar
Modeling perfection;
Sweet, radiant laughter
Emotional uprisings within.
Unseen reflections
Destructive longing born;
Heart and mind,
Caustic sorrow burns.
Her ubiquitous presence
Offers no respite;
Struggling against intellect,
Tormented with reason.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL INCIDENT

Soren Roeshe

On November 10, 1989, a major event occurred which I think will affect my whole life. I went for the first time from East Germany to West Germany, across the border. This was for me a very exciting moment, because I could go now totally free, without being frightened. It was only one step for me, but that step had such big importance and weight. I realized that much later. It was really strange. I mean, this border was only a half mile from my home but, it was in reality so far away. I almost forgot the existence of this fence, because I never had the chance to be near it. My parents were teenagers when the border was closed. I never saw it open before this day.

On this day, I made a step for which many people before risked or even sacrificed their life. Then from one day to another it was all over. Many people couldn't believe it, including my parents. Now, I saw people and a town, which I never saw before. This town with their people were connected to my town with their inhabitants, very closely before the border was closed.

On this day, after 28 years, everything had changed. The town and the people had changed because in this time another generation had grown up. Their world was, or better still is, totally different to my world. That difference is not only between my town and our neighbouring town, it is between whole East and West Germany. This difference made it very difficult to understand each other. They developed, in 28 years their own 'way of life,' but we did that, too. That is what we try to change now. We try to find a common 'way of life.'

My parents saw, after almost 30 years, friends from school. We actually met relatives, who we didn't even know existed! They didn't know my brother and me. In this time, totally strange meetings took place. When we met a school friend of my parents, the feelings were mixed. Nobody really knew how to feel about that. My parents needed time to get familiar with their friends again, but, they needed it too. I mean they saw each other the last time in school. So, they tried to figure out if there were still common things, ideas or thoughts. My feeling during the whole time was happiness. I didn't know these people and so for me it was no difference if I meet old friends of my parents or somebody else.

But, this day, when I crossed the border, I will never forget. On this day my life changed. Things, which were important yesterday, are totally banal. I think all East Germans, including myself have now to learn again about the very important things in life.

I AM YOUR FLY
AM FEEDING OFF YOU
AM BRUSHED OFF WITH A SWAT
AM LEFT TO FLAIL AIMLESSLY ON MY BACK
LEGS UP AND WRIGGING
AM TRYING DESPARATELY TO TURN OVER.

LET ME BE YOUR CHAMELEON
LET ME BLEND INTO YOUR COOL BRILLIANCE
LET ME DANCE UPON YOUR LEAFY LIMBS
WHICH DIP AND SWAY FROM A SINGING BREEZE
LET ME REST ON YOUR ROCKY SURFACE
LET ME DART THROUGH YOUR IVY ON A WHITE
STONE WALL.

LOOK CLOSELY AT MY WINGS
LOOK CLOSELY AT THE DUSTED COLOR
LOOK CLOSER AT THESE NEWBORN APPENDAGES
REVEALED TO THE WORLDAS I CREPT OUT OF
MY ENCASEMENT INTO THIS GOLDEN DREAM
LOOK EVEN CLOSER NOW, LOOK CLOSELY AT MY WINGS.

LAURA LONG

Smile

Smile, he says, it makes people wonder what you've been up to. But really, it's his smile that makes people think. A picture solely sits next to my bed, a picture of that smile that reveals so much. You can see i the picture he has tha same amount of energy a geyser ready to burst has, yet in reality he is that most mellow person I've ever met. And he knows everyone, from the housewife in the Safeway to the disabled kid in Nation's. Mom says, he's adorable. He's actually just very unpretentious, o.k. so he's a hick, but I like him that way. I think it makes him who he is. He's simple (vanila is his favorite flavor), and he is unsophisticated (he thinks Dickens is what you scare him out of). He gets excited over the silliest things. A warm spring day will make him crazy and keeping him in class is out of the question. If his truck has its top off in warm weather, he's gone for hours just driving, wasting the 8 miles to the gallon of precious gas that machine usues. And one day when we found a four leaf clover at the reservoir he nearly went insnae with happiness. A key term with him is JBAR, which means, of course, Joyous Beyond All Rapture. Everything makes him JBAR.

Often when I am blue, he will spontaneously pick me flowers out of my own front yard that are usually dead, or turn me upside down until my face turns as red as an apple, just to get me out of the gloom. But he knows the way to really get me is to tilt his head to one side and smile. It isn't a flashy or toothy or overdone smile. It's just right, and it makes my heart glow. It's sincere and it is perfect. I don't think he knows what it means to me. It encourages me, and protects me, ensures me, and loves me.

We never have held anything back from each other. He is my best friend, after all. But of course we never have to say much because we just know, with our smiles. Because a lot can be said in a smile.

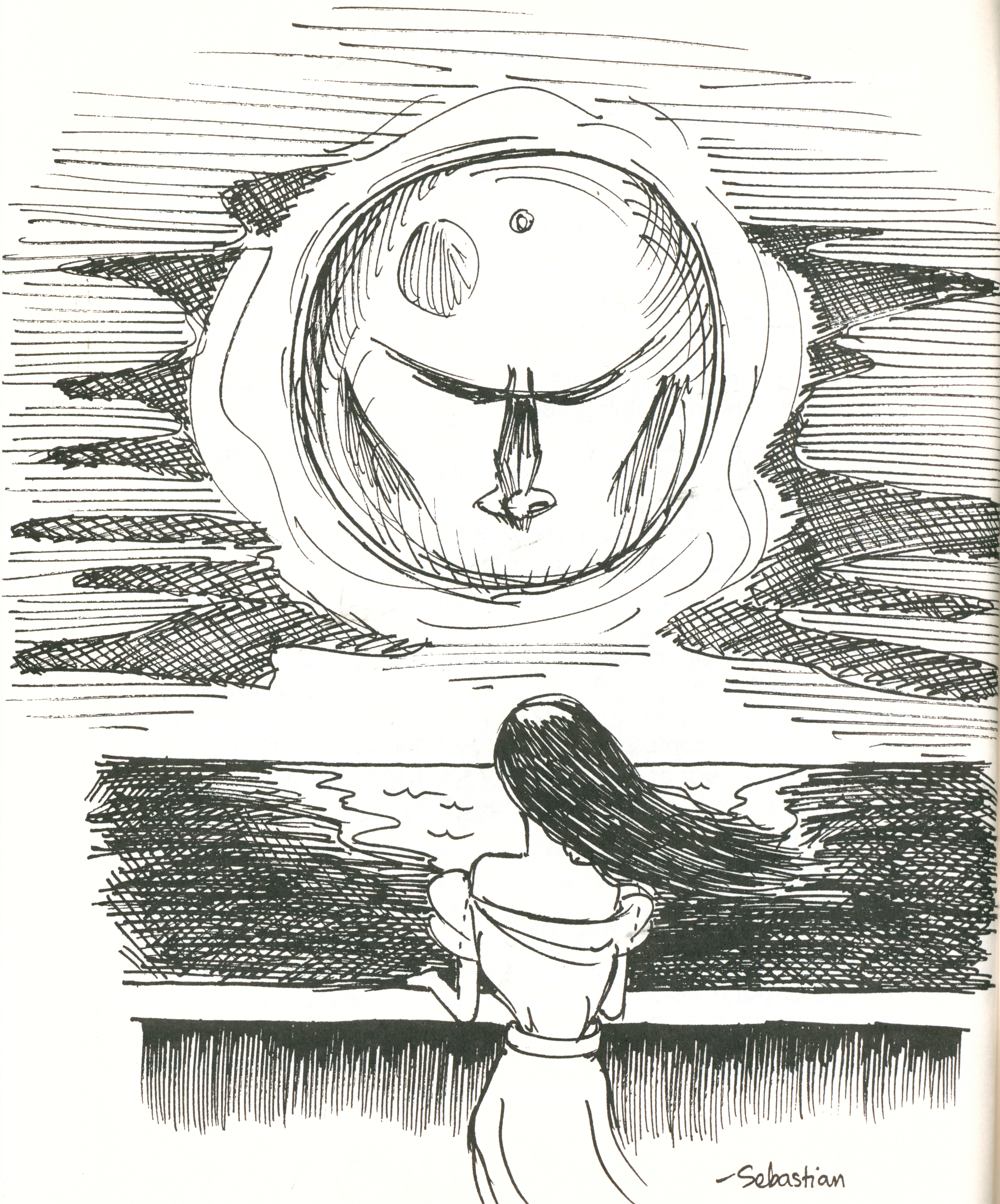
Kristen Crabtree

And still she smiled

She smiled.
"You can't make me depressed
no matter how hard you try."
That was her charm,
Her uniqueness
Among 88 others who viewed the world
As cynically as she did
Optimistically.
"Amber," I asked her, "Amber,
How do you do it?"
"There's no secret," she answered.
"I just believe. There's nothing else."
She did as she professed.
Try as we might, no one could make her frown.
But he could make her cry.
Sitting on her dorm room floor, she cried.
She dreamed, and told him about her faith.
It shook him up.
It made him think.
I hope it changed their lives.
"Amber," I asked her, "Amber,
How can you always be so happy?"
"I'm sad too, " she confessed. "But I know how to deal with it."
Dancing to the beat of a favorite MTV song, she laughed.
Yet even when I told myself I didn't need her
She told me I did.
She understood, she talked
I nodded, I listened
Like no other, there was someone
Who shared my beliefs,
Who knew what I meant,
Who could help me cope.

And still she smiled.

Andy Mar



-Sebastian

Man in the Moon

I am the sun and you
the moon.
Since my eyes have gazed in
your direction, they have not moved.
My heart has a burning desire
for you-you keep me alive.
My feelings are strong and burn bright
with passion

I see you and your illuminating glow-
shining through the clouds of night.
You make me happy when I
feel down.
I hope I can make your
dreams come true...
because you are my...
man in the moon.
Nicole Thompson

She is dirty and unpure
Lost in the crowd
She has no center light
No inside warmth
Her sun shines rays of gray
Her arms are bruised
Her face sinks in
She's used by the public
and does not care.
Buried in a society
Life is a game without a point
Morals, dreams, and choices
a bad memory forgotten
Secretly sought after.
The windows are shut,
The door is locked,
She cannot find the key.

Shawnee Shahroody

CHANCE

HE TOUCHED HIS TOE INTO THE OCEAN
TO FEEL THE TEMPERATURE.
NOT LIKING THE COLDNESS HE JUMPED BACK
HE WAITED. . .
AND WAITED. . .
AND WAITED 'TIL THE
REALITY OF TIME STOOD STILL.
HE THEN ROLLED UP HIS LEVI'S AND
AND WADED ANKLE DEEP
BUT THE SLOW PARTIAL NUMBNESS STOPPED HIM
ONCE AGAIN
HE RETREATED FROM THE BANK INTO HIS IMPRINTS
HE WAITED. . .
AND WAITED. . .
AND WAITED 'TIL THE
REALITY OF TIME STOOD STILL.
HE RAN TO THE EDGE OF THE BANK
AND DOVE INTO THE OCEAN DEPTHS.
THE BLUENESS ENCOMPASSED HIS ENTIRE
BODY AND. . .
THE BEATING OF TIME BEGAIN.

--MICHELLE MUENCH

Webster's Dictionary

I know everything.
That may sound supercilious,
but its indubitably true.
Everyone has looked up to me
at least once for my sagacious advice,
if not a plethora of times.
Without me, a maelstrom of chaos
would exist because
I am the basis of communication.
Children would understand English
no more than they would Morse Code.
What would happen when
the last generation of literates
pass away?. . . Evolutionary forms
of to "drink" would disappear.
No longer will we see "sip," "gulp," "imbribe," or
"quaff,"
only "drink," "drank," and "drunk."
Florid vocabulary would soon
be decomposed into a list of insipid words.
Any literature produced during this era
would be so soporific that reading
would replace the sleeping pill.
Trust me on this one. . . Remember,
I know everything.

--Andrew Chang

The frogs just kept jumping all over me. They tried to keep licking me. There spit was like a drug. I started to crawl up the walls, my red nail polished fingers kept breaking. I felt the cracks and I also heard it. I felt the pain and translated it into laughter. I heard a knock on the door and the frogs froze in time. "Come in." I hollered.

My dead mother walked in and asked what the hog's spit I was doing.I tried to explain about the yellow rainbows and the clicking lobsters and the abstract art in Texas. Her ghost-white complexion started to fade to peach. Her pale yellow nightgown fuzzed to a racey neon nurses' outfit. Tiny lice crawled out of her scalp and fixed her hair to the type of 'do' you see on the nice prostitutes down the street from McDonald's. Her squeeky, annoying voice changed to a deep, sexy voice. "I have to go out. I have a date with Johnny." And she left the room.

I karate chopped the window and jumped out. Funny, but the night air felt like lime jell-o. I reached out my tongue and it grew 5 1/2 feet. The sad part is it tasted like cherry jell-o. I hate cherry jell-o.

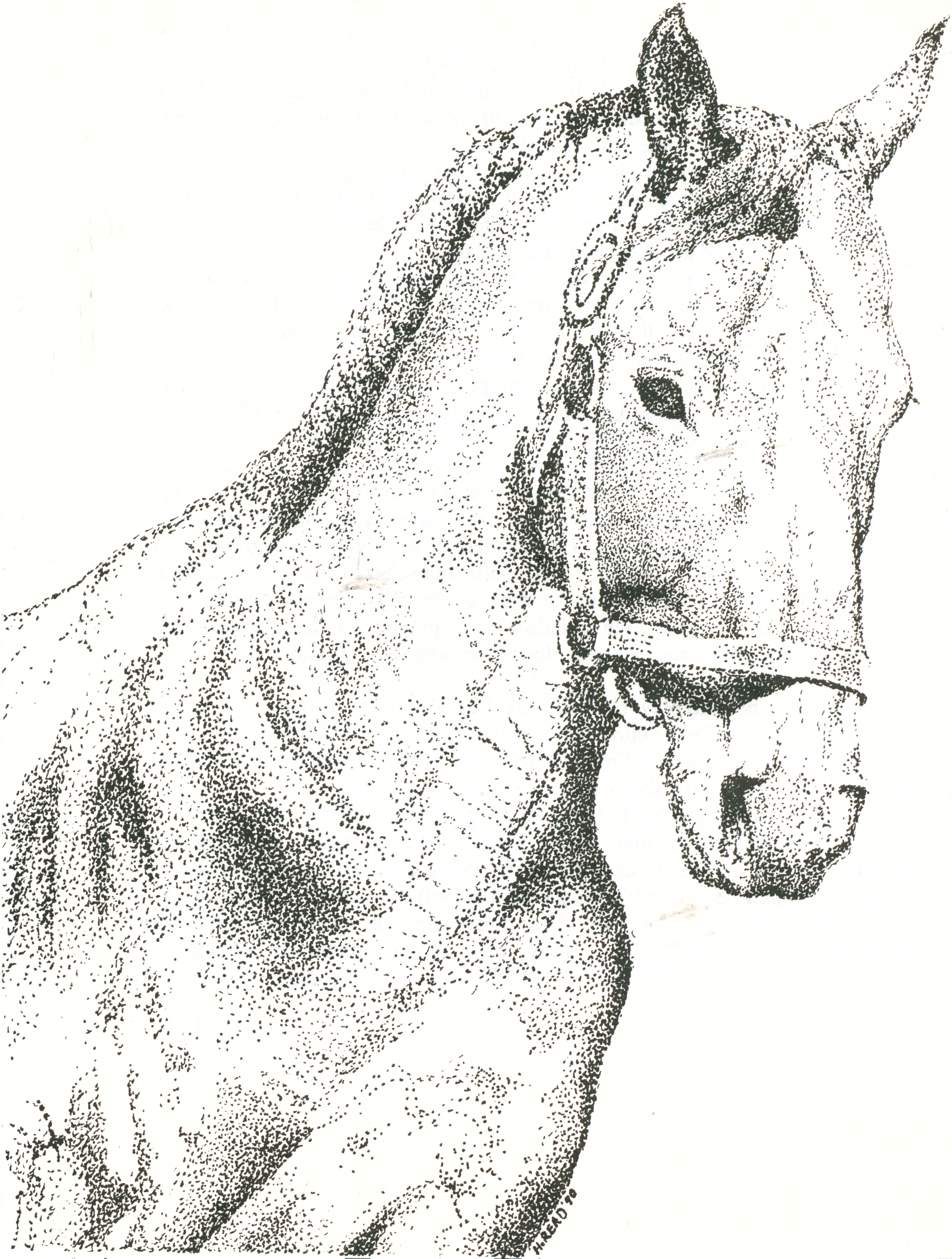
When I splatted on the cement, my head cracked open and red spaghetti poured out. A policeman came over and asked, "Are you okay, Miss?" He looked down at my hazel eyes. His blue eyes popped out and landed the midst of the spaghetti. He reached down, picked them up, and shoved them back into the sockets. The policeman gazed at the spaghetti and asked me to dinner. I told him he may accompany me on a meal, only if he could dance the Samba. He couldn't, so I picked up the spaghetti, put it in my purple handbag, and walked down the avenue. I had to go shopping for the perfect hat.

I walked up the pathway to "Herold's Harry World of Hats." I felt the same sensation that Dorothy must have felt when she walked up the yellow brick road and saw the Emerald City. I started to sob. The ring-a-ding-ding of the door bells soothed my pain.

The lightening in the back fixed upon a orange, purple and metal spiked hat. It resembled the hats the Vikings wore. I ran to the back, put the heavenly hat on my head, and threw my Visa card at the sales lady. I left through the back door and saw the cherry jell-o vender. I fainted.

Three hours later, I came to. The policeman was standing above me. He had taken dance lessons with a turtle. We walked down the cobble stone street, and he asked me what I wanted to eat. "Anything but Italian, my boy, anything but Italian."

Kristy Ward


H.READ '90

To: The Secretary of Attendance of Acalanes High School.

I am writing in response to 15 cut notices and 10 warning slips concerning my terrible study habits that you sent to my Mother and my Father. You have really helped me learn to be a better person. Ever since I got them, I have studied so much more, and spent a lot more time in class. Although, maybe, that has a little to do with the fact that my parents now pay someone to personally escort me to and from school each day, and to lock me in my room after school, with only my homework to do, I still believe, in my heart, that I owe it all to you. You have helped me SEE THE LIGHT! In fact, just today the principal told me that I am on the road to expulsion!!! Personally, I feel that is a great achievement because I used to be in the field beside the road smelling the purple violets. Violets are my favorite flower. Did you know that? Well, they are. In fact, that is how I got one of those cuts you wrote to my parents about. I was driving to school after stopping for breakfast at a small restaurant on the corner of the street next to mine. It is a quaint place, and it has the best service around. You probably haven't heard of it, it's quite new and very small, unfortunately, it doesn't make a good living, but that is really OK with me because I am never interrupted while contemplating life there, like in other restaurants because there are hardly and people in it. Ever! I think I am their only return customer in fact. You should try it some time, they serve the best guacamoli I have ever tasted in a Chinese restaurant. It is called "The Hole in the Wall," look it up in the phone book if it's in there, I can't remember the name of the street that it is on. It might be too small though, to afford a place in the yellow pages though, so you might have to just get the white pages. If you still can't find it, call me up and I'll take you some day. Anyway, I was only a little late to school because my watch said it was ten to nine. Anyway, I looked beside the road where the horses often graze. I was looking for my favorite one named Minnie. (I don't really know her name, but Minnie seemed suitable.) I often climb the hill to see her, but she always runs away from me. Perhaps it is because I always try to copy her high pitched winnie in order to trick her into believing that I am a horse--I don't know. Most of the time, when I do that, I sound like a dieting cow. I know this because once my best friend Freddy came with me and said, "You sound like a dieting cow." You would like him. He makes the best macaroni and cheese in

America. He really does. I couldn't find Minnie on the hill, but I did see some violets, at least I thought they were violets, so I stopped the car in the road and went over to take one to school. I couldn't find the violets right away because I tripped in a pot hole and passed out until I woke hours later to the sound of angry cars honking at me because they couldn't get around my car on the one lane, one way street. It was not a friendly toot like they are supposed to do, it was very loud and obnoxious and it woke me from my slumber--which was both bad (I was tired) and good (I needed to get to school.) So I got up and left my violets, which turned out only to be a crumpled up piece of purple construction paper that someone threw out their car window and it blew over the grass, so I thought it was violets. You see, the paper was very far away and I don't see very well. I lost my perfect vision because I disliked carrots as a child. That's what mom says. I never ate them. Now I do, but its just too late. My vision has been scarred for life. I kind of blame my mom for not trying hard enough to get me to eat them, if you want to know the truth. I am supposed to use glasses, but I broke them last week at Freddy's. I dropped them on the floor, and while groping for them on my hands and knees, my left knee was planted right into the glass part of them. It's a conspiracy! It didn't hurt too much, but my knee still has a kind of chewed up look to it. So, I got back into my car and went straight to school! I don't really understand why I to a cup that time. I mean, it wasn't like I deliberately tried to miss my Trig final 6th period! Mrs. Jacobson, that's my Trig teacher, doesn't like me much anyway. So, I guess it just made her more sore that I missed her class. I know she wants to help me learn, but its just like big pot holes come to trip me all the time! Come to think of it, unless my luck changes, I'll probably be late to class! Giving my parents those notices made they kind-of hysteric. You really shouldn't shock people like that. They always think I'm so intelligent, but between you and me, I'm not. Well, I'm glad you brought my cuts to my attention--although it may not do much good. You are a good friend to have the guts to confront me with my faults.

Sincerely yours,

Jackie Kosak

ROAM

by Denise Bonghi

Looking back at the time memorial,
I find the most precious times of this animated world we live in. I say animated, because nothing is real
to me anymore.
As I think of my youth, I remember myself as a mischievous child, wondering
what the future possesses. I
remember the anguish and torture I received just because I was different
As the tender, sweet passion of love
swarms
around me, I notice I am the only one who has not yet experienced the great reverence that everyone else is. It's as if I am in a desolate locality where I feel I can't state my true feelings.
There is always that one person
in this survival
that knows too much about you.
I hesitate to say another word.
Too many people have made me their victim of sarcasm and revenge.
As the deceased are missed, their departure
will bring pain to
loved ones,
I will always be self-conscious and afraid.
Apprehensive of the pain if they know
too much about me.
But, I digress
life is too deficient and feelings
must be expressed
before it is late.

Pain

Jennifer Nickel

You. You who I have cared for so dearly. You who I have held in my heart making me warm. I let you, and you alone, hold my soul in your hands. Our feelings for one another are only second to God. Or is it? My feelings for us are only second to God?! What do I do?! I hurt, a saber has thrust into my heart and, then, wrenched out. The blade is still steamy hot and dripping with the essence of my soul.

If the American frontier still existed, if we did not live in a civilization--in a society--I would yell from the highest mountain, "I love you! I love you!" But, society IS here and it has so many laws--just too many rules. People and rules push me one way and then the other making me doubt our relationship. Making me afraid that you might care for another more than you care for me. But, I confront you, society wrings the accusations out of my exhausted soul, and you deny it. Thank God! However, the rules don't believe you the way I do and my spirit is tortured so that it screams in agony. The fear forces me to cry--all of a sudden--anywhere, at any time. The tears splash out of my eyes and cry. It hurts so bad that my body bends over and I can't breathe. Sounds of hell drag out of my mouth. Quickly, it leaves behind it that permanent headache.

Society's fear is mote than just shaneful doubt, ti is so many rules. I fear the consequences of being so imtimate with you. I fear the hardships we might have to endure. I know that we and God could handle it, but society asks that question, "Will you hold up for me?" society thinks we are just too young, but we are not!

If the rules didn't exist, then life would be bliss. You are you when you are me--wearing no mask. Your care--your love?!--is raw, natural, wild, deep. You hide and comfort me from almost all of society's cares. Just one can slip into your strong arms and intensely ice-blue, truthful eyes. That one sinks into my skin, a virus, and gnaws at my spirit. The pain is the defination of love, written by society. It says that I met you too early in my life, that I ought to have met you in college. Will I be so weak and knell under the brute force of society?

Bravely, I turn my head and smell the must of leaves and dirt while my soul continues to ooze scarlet blood.

Mandala Poem

Gwendoyln Thomason

opposites
extremes
differences
The colors will blur
you will question your existence
and
you might not find all the answers.
lines
curves
zigzags
The lines all seem to have direction
you will follow these lines
and
you may not agree with what you see.
animals
numbers
plants
you may question their meaning
yet only you will understand

Reality

Lynessa Oliver

I am alone in a room
Darkness surrounds
Swirling around me
Smothering me with reality

This reality reminds me of you
With your life no longer
In a room without doors
In darkness, too

Why did you leave me then?
You are gone, never to return
Leaving me, lonely
Afraid to live without you

I remember when you said,
"Come to the forest with me..."
Feeling scared,
I turned away

You walked off
Never to return
Anger inside you
But I didn't care

But that forest
Was so dark, deep
Unknown, Forbidden...
(You knew what was in there)

I heard your terrifying scream
As you fell to the ground you loved
That black forest we all knew
Became the root of all hatred

I think back to that day
If only I could go back
To be with you
I'd never be disloyal again

Remember when we were little
How we had everything
And how lucky we were?
We had the world

I wish I could see you again
Only to say
I'm sorry
The tears are rivers...

I look out into the night
Bright star!
It must be yours,
For you are a star now

If you are the light
Why do I live in darkness?
Escape!
This unlivable torture

I open the door
Leaving darkness
And memories
In pools of tears

TWILIGHT MIND

The night grows long,
And I, restlessly awakened
By disturbing thoughts,
Motion to open the window
To let in some fresh air.

Yet movement is beyond me,
It is only in my mind
That I now reside.
Endless hours,
Searching frantically.

Sandor Boulter

Spirits

The dark night and thick fog enveloped the world, as the song of the crickets filtered through the air. I lay down in the soft, dewy grass on the grave. I did not know the person lying below me, but I closed my eyes and felt him there. The image of an old man floated beside me, the fog parted, and he contined up in the sky. Ghostlike figures appeared all around me, and began to float up into the clouds. There were young children whom the angels had called to play when they got lonely. Others were old men and women whose faces had seen many years of changes. When they all had faded into the clouds, I opened my eyes to find the grass around me thicker, and brighter; however there was one grave I had not noticed before. No grass grew above. There had not been enough time. Fresh loose soil had just recently been placed a top the sleeping soul. I walked over and looked down. The fresh soil sqiushed between my toes, and I could feel how fresh it really was. I closed my eyes and began to fall. I stopped, but didn't really land. . . I felt nothing below, nothing around. It was a flowing sensation, then nothing. I could not hear the crickets' song. I could not see the blackness. I forced my eyes open. They weighed a thousand pounds. A baby screamed then cried, and shivers crept up my spine. I did not feel anymore until I arose above the grave. The sun shone brightly, and there was a clear, morning breeze.

Sabrina Ash

"An Understanding"

Walled in by stress,
being controlled by everything she can't see,
Her attention wanders as the arrow on a falling compass.
Decisions come easy for her, but
One guy spun her life into chaos.
She wants the best of both worlds, but
Even God couldn't have that. Things got
Tight.
"Talk," I say. "What are you thinking?"
Lost in thought, she whimpers, "I'm confused."
My mind reels! This has got to be the end. . .

Heels tapping against my forehead, I look at
The menacing spectacle I see overhead;   the mistress
Of the dark has descended upon me. The dominance in
Her eyes tells me she is master, and not just of me,
But of her life as well.
She can't let anything loosen her grip, but
I know I have: by becoming a part of her.

Flittering over streets with no names,
She pauses, as if to touch the air.
I know she wants me to follow, but I wonder
What she thinks of me.
Her eyelids are floodgates waiting to open and tell me all.
But now, leaden lids cover my only insight to her emotions.
Please, I say to myself, let me in.
"Help me find my way to your heart," she says
Holding out her hand.

Justin Irons

Sense of Subtle Hints That I Always Miss

The warm evening air felt comfortable and the familiar about as my sister and I strolled out onto the dock. The only other inhabitants of this beautiful scene was a couple so involved in one another you would wonder if they ever came up for air. Sitting on the benches, we gazed out across the stunning bay waters, the salty tinge of the ocean air teasing at my nostrils. Presently, in the midst of idle conversation, my sister muttered under her breath the phrase "Get a room." Me, being in the rather euphoric and slow witted state of mind that often comes from summertime, replied questioningly "Get a room? What do you mean, Liz?". She just looked around, a smug expression on her face. I noted that the couple apparently did come up for air, for one of the two was glaring at me. A seagull screeched overheafd, and a rather irrevelent thought pertaining to seagulls flitted through my mind, completely derailing my chain of thought. I repeated my question to my sister, who upon hearing it a second time went from a smug expression to an embarrased one. I now noted that I had the attention of both mombers of the couple, and it finally began to penetrate my thick head that mayhaps I had done something to warrant those disproving looks being cast my direction. With a flash, a light bulb lit over my head, and I realized the gravity of my situation. Wishing I could just melt throught the gravity of my situation. Wishing I could just melt through the floorboards, I began dreading the return trip past this offended couple to the safe haven of the land and anonymity.....

Ben Hellerstein

The Natural

By Rick Mueller

I've never passed up watching it. If I'm flipping channels and happen to come upon it, forget about my homework for the evening. I've seen it six or seven times now. Every time I watch it, I see the same movies. But when I watch The Natural, I get an indescribable joy every time I watch the last batting scene. I think that no red blooded American could resist the feeling of pride that comes from that movie. Anybody who has seen it will never forget it.

Two outs, bottom of the ninth. Now batting, number nine, Roy Hobbs. The music now sets in. With the first dramatic chords of music that accompanies Hobb's last plate appearance of his life, I am instantly covered head to toe in goose bumps. The first two pitches are balls. So they bring in the southpaw. The strong lefty Roy Hobbs was supposed to be. Strike one. "Come on Roy!" I want to yell to the television. Strike two! I can feel adrenalin flowing in me. Foul ball! Oh no! Roy, you cracked your wonder boy bat that you carved yourself and have had since you were a boy, what are we going to do!!! Roy slowly picks the remains of his bat, and calmly tells the bat boy, "Go pick me a winner, Billy." Just thinking about that part starts the goose bumps again. Two and Two count. Roy comes tot he plate and notices his stomach, which could explode any minute bleeding. "Are you okay?" asks the ump. Of course he's Okay I yell at the TV! With the most confident and cool tone ever heard by mankind, Roy says, "Let's play ball."

The finale of the music starts. As I watch Roy dig in I can feel the tears come up in my eyes. I know what's going to happen but the tension is the same every time I watch the movie. The pitch. . .Crack!!! That's a high deep ball, way back, it's outta here!!! As Roy rounds the bases with blood staining his shirt, I rub away the tears that want to fall from my eyes. As Roy rounds third, the final sparks from the shattered lights fall and the victory celebration fades to black. I feel a smile grow on my face. Why? It's because Roy Hobbs is hitting the home run every kid who has ever played ball or been to a ball game, dreams of hitting.

With my levi cut-offs loosely fitting, my tie dye shirt on, and the final touch of my deadhead bandanna placed so skillfully just above my eyebrows, I was ready to venture into the mass of music lovers that lurked ahead. Walking for miles through Golden Gate Park, I finally reached the last hill that separated me from the most outrageous free benefit concert I have ever experienced. Maneuvering to the horizon of the hill, I looked out on a field of colors. From a distance the naked eye perceived images seeming as though an enormous crazy quilt waving in the wind existed. In each square of the blanket a completely different event was happening. I began to run to the scene and the closer I came to the field, the more defined each body became. As I went into the depths my own body was becoming apart of this interesting blanket.

My friend and I briskly walked around the perimeter of the field to scope out all of our options. There were many booths set up selling paraphernalia and food. Also many tables were giving the public the chance to write to the Senate to voice their options on controversial issues. At each end of the field local bands were performing, and in the center, the main stage presented the big name bands. But in the middle of all this confusion, way off in the distance, an enormous brown haze was rising from the ground. Being the Curious George that I am, I persuaded my friend to pursue this commotion.

This haze was not an ordinary cloud of smoke, it was millions of grass seeds being thrown into the air. About one hundred square feet of open field had been converted into a gigantic sand box effect, except this was not a sand bow, this was a "seed box." The seeds were tiny brown smooth specks, no bigger than a grain of rice and it was about three feet deep. People were completely covered in seeds and little children were burying their entire bodies in it. This was a once in a lifetime opportunity and I quickly grabbed my friend's hand and we both dove in. We timidly started tossing a couple of seeds at each other, but before long we were trying to think of any clever way to accumulate the most seeds and aggressively catapult them in all directions. I especially enjoyed feeling the gallons of seeds slithering through my fingers and arms.

The fight was taken very light heartedly and before long I was engaged in a seed fight with some strange man behind me. Although we possessed no hatred towards one another, this man and I compulsively tortured each other just for the sheer pleasure of it. Being the youngest with two conniving older brothers, my defense mechanisms kicked in. I regressed to my innate animal instincts and grunted while my bull-like feet alternating back and forth flipped mass quantities of seeds into this mans' face. He was retaliating with just as much force and seeds were flying everywhere. Seeds tangled all up in my hair and seeped in my shirt, my socks, my undies, and any other crevice open at the time of attack, even my ears and mouth. Because of my uncontrollable laughter, I ended up swallowing a couple, too.

The people surrounding me got excited in sporadic time intervals. One moment the pit was calm and the next, hundreds of people screamed at the tops of their lungs and completely acted like deranged lunatics. Picture being trapped inside a stable, encircled by googols of chickens with their heads cut off. It was so wonderful because when I looked down all of the seeds that were on their descent were pounding the ground like a vicious rain storm. I experienced all of the sensations of feeling the rain drops, but benefitted by not getting saturated with water.

Who could have ever guessed that I would be so content merely playing in a field of seeds with a bunch of hippies. The best part of this ingenious idea was that after we finished our fun, the field would prosper and replenish itself with all of the new spirits of grass. In fact, my fun was ironically attributing to the seed distribution directly helping the field. Helping the environment does not always have to be looked as a burden on society, but as a form of enjoyment that can benefit both sides. It seems that the best pleasures in life are the simple every day things taken for granted, that have blossomed from a new perspective. This different perspective is the spine of my existence, and as funny as fate works out this Woodstock of the 90"s will be treasured for the rest of my life.

--Michelle Muench

MOHAIR

Sarah Pockell

My parents were in college when they fell in love. They met in the school library, listening to phonographs in the audio language lab. My father thought my mom was cute so he slipped his little earpphone hookup in her record player and they listened to a German language album together, in silence. (My dad was taking Spanish at the time.)

Anyway, that year, Mom knitted Dad a moss-green wollen sweater with strands of mohair woven through for added softness and warmth. It is plainly knit, no cables or twists, but it's unique texture makes it seem much more intricate than it actually is. It has a slight V-neck and extra long sleeves, to fit my dad's unusually long arms. If fit him perfectly and from what they say, my father wore it every day, rain or shine (moderate shine, I suppose.)

Since then, my father's style has changed quite a bit and he no longer feels comfortable wearing moss green mohair sweaters. . .so I have it, and if there were to be a fire in my house and could rescue one item only, I would most likely grab this sweater (or else I'd put it on and grab my guitar praying nobody was counting--but that's another story.)

Every now and then, on an extraordinarily cold day, I pull the sweater out of my closet and over my head. It smells faintly of cedar from my dad's old clothes trunk and is wonderfully stretched out and long. When I wear it I can't help but think about all that it had been through and the romance and fun that went into making it.

It is easy for me to think of my parent's relationship as a constant because it is all that I have ever known. When I wear my father's old mohair sweater I am reminded that everything has a beginning. It reminds me that my parents share memories which I could never understand or know and though, in that sense, it puts a distance between us, I find myself intrigued by the sacred aspects of my parent's relationship.

I no longer think of my parents as just my parents, but I am reminded that each of them has a history and a life--an entire existence beyond me. It may look like just a sweater, but it is part of my roots and my existence. Besides, mom was right, the mohair keeps me very warm.

THE TRUTH ACCORDING TO GREY

BY JACKIE KOSAK

AM I SULLEN AND GRUMPY?
I THINK NOT!
THEY ONLY SAY THOSE THINGS
BECAUSE THEIR EYES DON'T REACT
TO MY TRULY BRILLIANT SELF.
I AM **NOT** BORING!
I'M NOT!
I'TS JUST THEIR UNDERDEVELOPED EYES.
THEY HAVE INVENTED
IMAGES THAT "PORTRAY MY PERSONALITY"
RIGHT.
WHENEVER THERE IS
TORMENT, CRUELTY, VIOLENCE, DEATH
THAT IS WHERE **I** 'LURK.'
WHEN MY CLOUDS FORM IN THE SKY
THE ANGELS WEEP WITH JOY
AT THE SIGHT OF **ME.**
YET WHEN THEY SEE ME IN THE SKY,
THEY CURSE AND GRUMBLE.
BECOMING DARK, SOMBER, AND DEPRESSED.
I THINK RED STARTED IT.
I **BET** HE FORMED THIS CONSPIRACY
JUST TO RUIN MY IMAGE.
HE ALWAYS WAS A JEALOUS GUY.
NEED ALL ATTENTION.
WELL,
I KNOW I HAVEN'T CHANGED YOUR VIEWS.
FINE.
IF THIS IS HOW YOU SEE ME,
I WILL BE EVIL.
I WILL BE COLD AND MEAN. . .
BUT IT IS NOT BECAUSE I WANTED TO
JUST REMEMBER,
THIS IS HOW YOU WANTED IT.

Wise Dragons

Light sparkles in dim caves;
Mounds of jewels, silver, and gold
Hoarded by graceful wings, ruby eyes,
and ivory teeth
strong and wild
Destructive with their fiery breath;
The most precious treasure
Clutched between sharp claws
Is not cold or hard;
But fragile and sweet.
A single flower;
Its scent breathed in deep
Christine Nickel

"Just Be Me"
When I was four
I wanted to be five
go to kindergarten
be Wonderwoman
When I turned five
I wanted to be six
go to first grade
be beautiful like Barbie
When I reached six
I wanted to be seven
pierce my ears
be little Orphan Annie and
sing "the sun'll come out tomorrow."
When I was approaching seven
I wanted to be ten
go to fifth grade
be a dancer on fame
When I had reached double digit ten
I wanted to be twelve
go to Junior High
be a rock star
When I was twelve on my way
to becoming a teenager
I wanted to be fourteen
go to High School
be a famous model
When I reached fourteen and thought
I was pretty hot stuff.
I wanted to be sixteen
own a car
be rich
Now that I am seventeen
I want to be eighteen, twenty-one, or in college
be famous
rich
have everything.
I still want to be Barbie, Little Orphan Annie,
a rock star , a model
but for now
I think I'll slow down
and Just Be Me.
- Stephanie Slavin

A thousand midnights ago
when I had only a decade lived,
we morbidly played ghost in the graveyard.

Our neighborhood, filled with hiding
zombies, ghosts, and witches,
moaned.

He who was "it" crept into the dark
searching for us as we hid behind "carved stones"
it was like hide-and-go seek with a
chill.

I sat in some oleanders staring
at the night sky,
dreaming of other worlds.

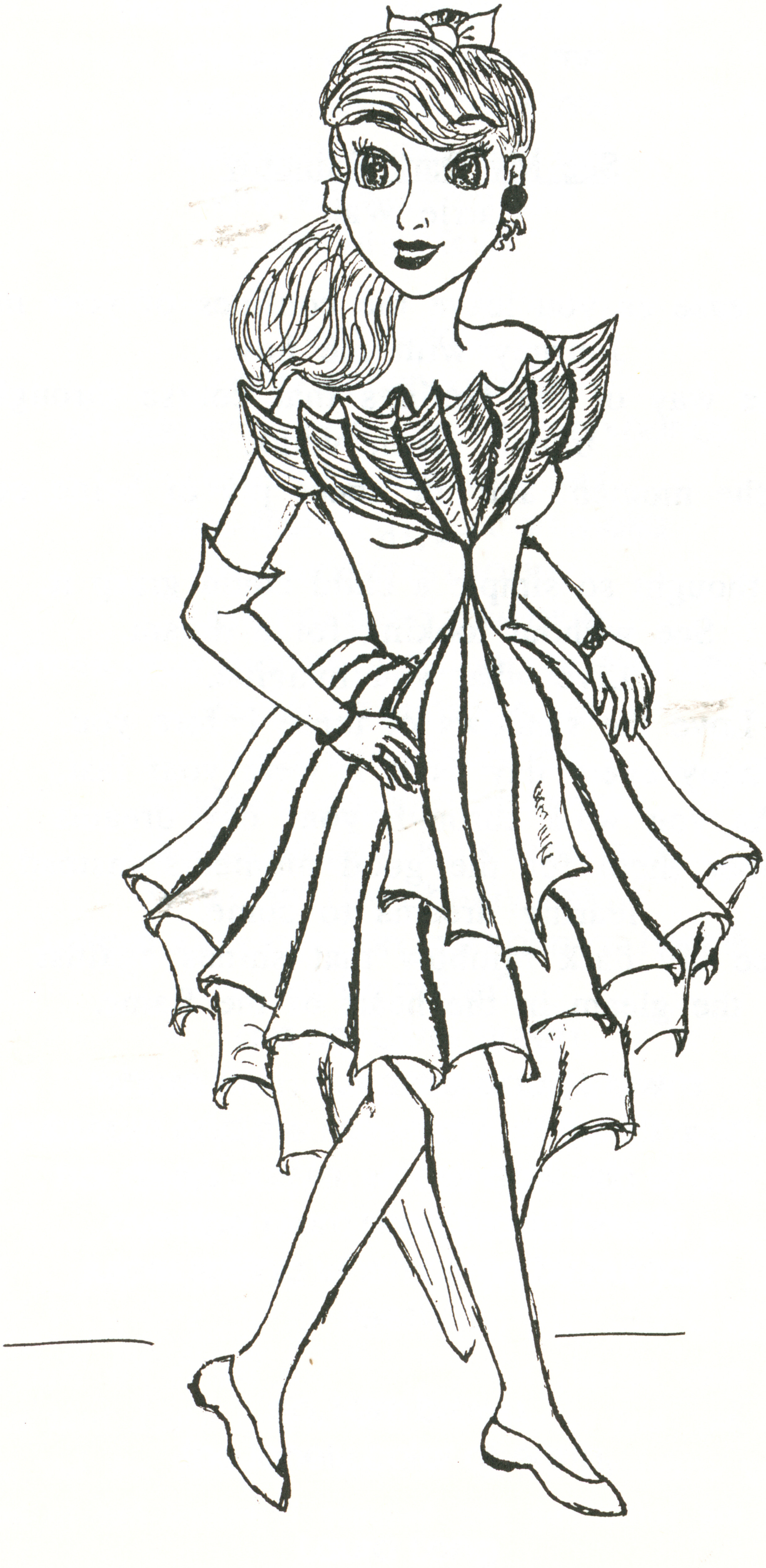
Dreaming I was a queen,
a bird, or a martian.
dreaming I was rich and beautiful
dreaming I had a life of ease.

Suddenly, a rustle in the bushes. . .
It was "it"
searching among the mounds.
He found me, the ghost, and I tried to run!

But I was tagged--caught daydreaming.

Not much has changed, or probably ever will
I'll always dream and get
captured, trapped
in the real world.

--Jaime Cundith



See My Dark Rainbow

Carrie Wall

sit with ease as you leave the confines of your mind
Journey with me now.
Become the way of the feelings that course through your
bluish green veins.
Live for the moment and the sheer joy of being content
with
a thought so simple a child could grasp it.
See without looking for a dream.
Live what you imagine.
Love the shadows of those before you.
Enjoy every day as if it were your last.
As you walk through your day dreams
remember them for the good moments instead of
fearing dreams to come.
See my dark rainbow that shines against
the gleam in the heart of the flame.

brown

i am lonely
the rainbow will not include me.
children do not want me.
balloons will not have me.
everyone walks over me
and kicks up my dust
with their feet.

i am jealous.
i am not fiery orange
whose sparks can warm human hands.
i am not passionate red
whose lipstick marks can make
a young man happy
i am not even slow blue
whose jazzy moods and deep ocean depths
can touch human souls.
i can never be black
whose tragic impact leaves
people groping in its darkness.
why can't i be cheery yellow
whose sun's rays can uplift human hearts
just by being?
I am not bitter green
whose fresh cut grass adorns lawns
of suburbia and the mountains of the Himalayans
nor deep purple, whose dark skin of an
overripe plum stretch and break,
juices spilling when bitten by human
teeth.

no, i am brown
the lonely color of earth.

Laura Long

A Personal Biographical Sketch

She first entered into my stream of consciousness in seventh grade at Stanley School and ever since she has captivated my dreams and subconscious mind. This girl is not ordinary by any stretch of the imagination; she is one of the most warm and caring human beings I have ever had the pleasure of befriending, and she reveals that in everything she says and does. Ever since I first laid eyes upon her, I couldn't stop thinking what it would be like to be one of her best friends. This girl is the type who could bring rays down upon the darkest of worlds, and entice feelings from their deep crevices in the heart. Naturally I had no expectation that she would let me get close to her, being the pessimist that I am.

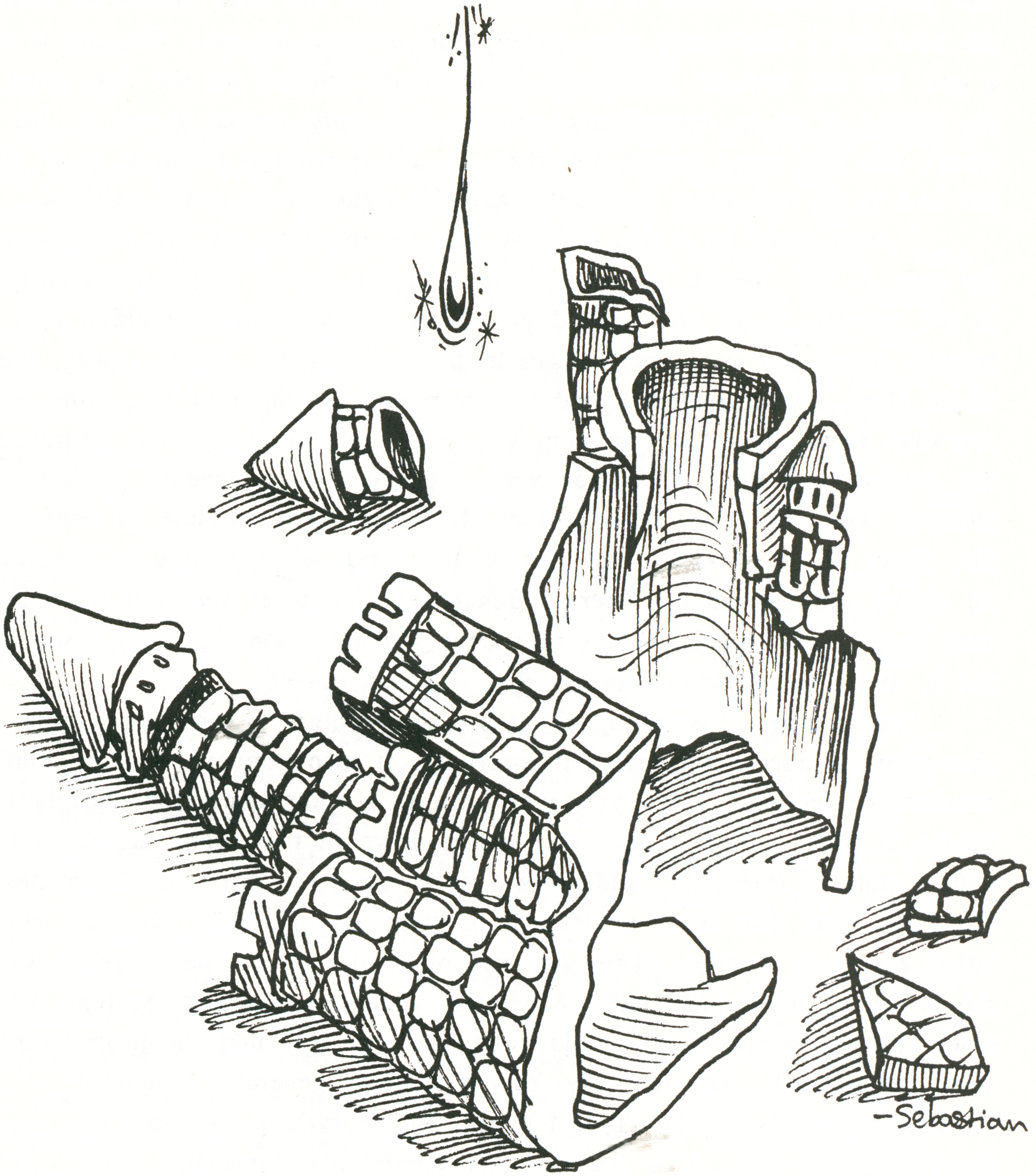
We gradually became friends as a consequence of sharing classes together, and I began to see for myself if my assumptions regarding her character were correct. To my delight, they were right on the nail, and I knew that any friendship I had with her was to remain truly sacred. Never before have I been internally motivated to mold words to suit *my* feelings, but she released a side of me I didn't even know I had. I have matured under her watchful eye, using her actions as guidelines; she scrapes me off the street after a horrid day and whispers in my ear, 'I'm here for you.' It's been a while since I've written about her, but I think this time I can get the feelings down on paper.

What she says to me tells me everything is alright; no need to worry with someone as strong as she is beside me. Every time I see her, a warm feeling whispers to my heart that she has done something few have ever done: actually taken time to see what I have to offer the world. Not too many people open me up and want to see more of my deepest self, and there have been some who take just enough to sneer at the taste of my emotions as if it were harshly bitter. She took me in her arms and listened to what I had to say, and created an environment which held me aloof from the everyday criticisms of my enemies. I could ask her anything, and she wouldn't tell me something just because I wanted her to hear it--she would tell me the truth; a quality which has been drained from my life. She probably didn't know it at the time, but she did such justice in what she said that I didn't care what destiny had in store for me. No, she is not a god, but she brought something in me to the surface for the first time: the feeling of being wanted and valued. The truly special aspect to this wasn't that this came across, but that she did it without thinking, as if all she had to do was open her mouth and the right words would fall out.

It may sound as if this girl only has an effect on me, but this is not the case at all; people in general are naturally drawn to her personality. In the seventh grade, she walked into Miss Spenser's English class, and proudly stated her name before sauntering to her seat. Right away, the whole class, myself included, had a very positive opinion of her. She let everyone know how self-confident she was, and the degree of assurance she carried with her. This was very important, since seventh graders' attitudes were, as could be expected, all related to a pressure to conform. She didn't do as everyone else did on the inside--she matured to a level far above and beyond her peers. Regarding then what she said, I wouldn't have found those special things in such a simple action, but now I see that she is and was everything inside that she was outside.

She is blue. Everything about her shows blue. Even though blue connotates somber emotions, and inactivity, it also conveys a warm and comfortable feeling. Have you ever been in a room decorated entirely in shades of blue? Well, I have and sitting down in that room ensconces me with a state of relaxation, and allows me to clear my mind of all worries. The color blue also sense a message of something shrouded with the color, rather a veil of secrecy. This girl personifies the color blue in every way; she is full of secrets and tales to be told, what she says and the tone of her voice rids the world of all untold evils, and the "air" that she projects is loose and relaxed. You may say, 'this is much to general . . . I need something specific.' I would if I could, but everything she does, everything she says show me that her personality captivates and intensifies each of the above characteristics.

Justin Irons


-Sebastian

Tiptoe Around The Graves

Sabrina Ash

Speak softly dear breeze
Please do not disturb the sleeping.
Today is the perfect day for a picnic,
A day for loved ones to unite.
The sun beats strongly down,
And the birds are singing sweetly,
As I tiptoe around the graves,
Where gentle souls have escaped.
Wherefore hath death been cast upon them?
Who have they left behind,
In painstaking tears and memory?
And an ear-piercing scream of "Why?"
Who is the question directed to?
Why the Lord above, of course.
Yet, he cannot answer,
For who is to say He knows.
Mary lies upon my left,
With much space between the dates.
She lived a good long life.
Yet, with little Paul,
There is only one date.
No fair chance was cast upon him.
I tiptoe around the graves,
Pause,
Then take my final step
Six feet down I fall.
Dirt is thrown upon my chest,
As I join the sleeping souls,
And wrestle with my death.

Stranger Within

Lurking in the dark recesses
Under the stars, in the misty quiet
Corners of the human mind, He
Ignites a flaming shower of fear,
Forming the ethereal foundation of an
Evil that haunts the soul eternally--
Raging hatred, seditious greed, insidious pride.

Though He fell down an endless
Pit of perdition, His wings are uplifted;
Floating gently, the archangel has landed.
The gates have opened, and the pathway
Has a detour that leads to the psyche.

--Sandor Boulter

"Encircled Proudly"

Satisfied what the circle
holds,
my life in symbols now unfolds,
Not one of my identities sold,
half orange half purple intense
and bold,
One side portraying what's
not told,
will metamorphasize when I get old.

Michelle Muench

Smart

That year everything turned smarter.
My freshman naivete was behind me,
And there were no more excuses.
I learned how to have fun, and then
My parents wised up and got a little tighter.
But I was given the gift from heaven -
My license.
But an unfortunate accident ended that glory.
I discovered what they really put in Zombies. . .
And stopped eating them.
I learned life was a little larger than
Little Lafayette,
When I took my first solo expedition
To Bezerkley.
My brother thought the world revolved
Around him.
And we alternated the role of the "good child."
Knowing the right buttons to push now.
Mr. Freeman, Larr, made me realize
I DID NOT want to be a journalist.
I finally met HIM, oh, sigh. . .
But then changed my mind.
The sky never seemed bluer,
The world looked much bigger,
My jeans never felt better,
My gum seemed all the more snappier,
And time was never a problem.
It was the next year
That everything would turn faster.

- Kristen Crabtree

(Non)Sense of Raleigh's Clam

Sarah Pockell

When I first met Raleigh, he had a pet clam. It did not have a name. As well as not having a name, it did not have a face. Raleigh's clam did not smell like anything, it did not move at all and made absolutely no noise. I never tasted Raleigh's clam, but I can't believe that it tasted like anything at all. The clam was simply a cold, hard shell which concealed a greyish brown, mucus-like body. I wouldn't have liked to have been Raleigh's clam.

Although Raleigh kept the clam in a very desirable habitat of blue rocks, fake plants, and water, the clam never seemed to be very much fun. In fact, I did not even notice when Raleigh's clam died. It looked the same, it sat, silently, as it always had done before, but, the clam picked up a curiously strong and vile odor. Because it was not like the clam to smell like anything at all, Raleigh knew it must be dead, and he threw the clam out of his bedroom window.

When reflecting back on Raleigh's clam, I find it rather sad that the only time it ever brought attention to itself was when it was dead.

Cattle Scents

As the old Ford pick-up truck rolls up the deserted road, the pungent odor of cattle wafts up my nostrils. We pull into my uncle's cattle feeding lot, I can see rows and rows of impatient cattle. The angry "moos" of thousands of bovines greets me as I step from the truck. Once again, I grimace as the scent of these giants beasts reaches me. I stretch out my arm and scratch a near-by cow on the nose, and his hairless skin feels like sandpaper. I feel sorry for these creatures, as they are all destined to the same fate. Months later, I remember these cows as I bite into a huge, delicious, greasy Big Mac.

--Matt Glynn

Sense of a Rose

My stems lick the earth for moisture, rain that has dyed the dust a velvet chocolate. Up the dew streams like a reverse waterfall, strenghening my petals. Then, the sun streams upon me. I catch the rain of light in my leaves and create life--glucose.

From these enriching necessities, I beautify myself. Extra green shoots spurt from out of my stem, aching for more sun. My petals grow lush. They are golden. The yellow one's mind sees when remembering an old, loving friend. Why do I make myself gorgeous?!

For the insurance of my species. Where would I be without the bumbling bumble bees, zippy yellow-jackets, and virtually any insect with wings? Their buzzing and humming are no monotonous noise, rather the reassuring song of reproduction. I entice them with my attractive hue. I entice them to me with a scent. But, I diffuse no ordinary scent. No! This smell is like a lover yet to come, concealed by the sun of hope. I entice them to me with my pollen. Delicious, succulent honey that will give my insects pot-bellies.

I feel the mild zephyr ruffle my leaves and petals for only two weeks. My luxurious bloom, only may dance for a short time. Then, the wind whispers to me, "it is time to let go. . .it is time." Then, the rain says to me, "It is time." Finally, the earth yells to me, "IT IS TIME!" I drop each golden petal, now tinged with bronze--tears of leaving. In pieces I ornament the earth--my beauty forgotten forever. But, I die satisfied knowing that my legacy will live on.

--Jennifer Nickel

A JUICY GREEN APPLE

Willow Darsie

Walking home from school one day, you spot an orchard. Unable to resist the temptation, you leap over the low fence and climb the nearest tree. Guiltily, you pluck a plump, shiny, green apple. When you have returned safely to the road you take a bite.

You do not take just an ordinary bite. Oh, no, you take a monstrous,piggish, greedy chomp. The apple responds with first a crunching, them a sucking sound. You smile a satisfied smile, savoring the perfectly ripe selection of fruit. Apple juice drips down your chin

A hundred trees ago
When I was a content child
Singing in my backyard
Melodies not meant for ears
The words would form as
the song came out.
Great adventures and stories
filled the air
Lost in my world of creation
Surrounded by my friends
the trees, the weeds, and the bugs
I approach the challenging stump
The little girl with golden curls
climbed up to her podium
And spoke to everyone who wasn't there
Expressing her dreams and thoughts
This world a thousand leaves ago
a time of happiness and simplicity
Where the backyard was a vast lane
When wars and racism and deep sorrow
Spoke a different language
Her untouched soul, purified by
her ignorance of horror,
laughs with nature
Enjoying her youth.

Shawnee Shahroody

—Sebastian

Senioritis

Karman Ng

This is your brain.
This is you brain on senioritis:
"Where did these freshman come from?"
"God, I have to get outta here."
"Homework? No seriously, what is this?"
"God, I have to get outta here."
"Wait, get a haircut? No, I don't think so."
"God, I have to get outta here."
"I'm going to have to bring up my grades 2nd semester.
Not!"
"God, I have to get outta here."
"Mr. Lickiss, I didn't cut. Honest."
"God, I have to get outta here."
"No thanks, mom. I don't want to play Yahtzee, maybe
next Friday night."
"God, I have to get outta here."
"Lafayette--Cow Tipping, U.S.A."
"God, I have to get outta here."
"Curfew? What is your point?"
"God, I have to get outta here."
"Mom, dad, trust me, a 1.9 is not that bad."
"God, I have to get outta here."
"I'm getting pretty tan. It must be those weekday A's
games."
"God, I have to get outta here."
"SAT's are coming up. Must suck to be a junior."
"God, I have to get outta here."
"No, it's okay dad. I don't really want to go to the broccoli
festival."
"God, I have to get outta here."
"Where did I apply? Well, for the 53rd time. . . "
"God, I have to get outta here."
"Hi, I need a gray pass to see South Dakota University.
Darn, it's during government, too."
"God, I have to get outta here."
"Is the deadline tomarrow? Gee, I better start that
application."
"God, I have to get outta here."

"I have a tough schedule this year. I don't know what to do between my two off campuses and my two solids."
"God, I have to get outta here."
"Phase 18 of the reconstruction will start. . .yeah whatever."
"God, I have to get outta here."
"We should have won Homecoming this year. . .and I care, really."
"God I have to get outta here."
"Yeah, I'm kinda sad about leaving my parents. Now, I'm going to forget to change my underwear."
"God, I have to get outta here."

Any questions?

"Yeah, when can I get outta here?"

Sense of a Fingernail

Adam Weyer

I suppose that I am rather sexist in my views of fingernails. After all, I can't really picture a male with long fingernails. There is, of course, that old guy in the Guiness Book of World Records with the longest fingernails recorded, but in every other case, (for me), fingernails only conjure up images of femininity. The connection I have between females and nails probably dates back to my first years of school, when I had my first encounter with fingernails longer than the tip of the digit. I don't remember her name, or what I said that irked her, but the shock of her digging her fingernails into my flesh left a lasting impression on me, namely a small scar on my right wrist just below my thumb. Other circumstances that have caused me to affiliate females with fingernails are a dark movies theater and scary movies. On various occasions girls have taken it upon themselves to decide that the best resting spot for their nails, during a particularly frightening scene, is naturally in my arm. not to say that I am really bothered by having girls cling to me. however, it does strengthen my association between women and fingernails. After all, how often am I forced to deal with fingernails? I only worry about my own nails about once every two the three weeks when I give them a trim, but I suppose if I were a female I would be more preoccupied with "doing my nails and if the color of polish "matches my dress." All of this, of course, does not even address the topic of toenails! ! !

Joshua

Some stand in awe
At the Joshua tree on the hill.
I stare at its intricate shape,
Examining it for what it is and what
It holds. Surface meanings distance
Themseleves when I see that tree.
To me, the bark may as well be stripped
Off the trunk, because it is
Simply hiding what lies beneath.
I see what makes the branches twist,
and why other trees dare not stand in its
Shadow.
It is unique in everyway;
history has given it life, and
Will give it destiny.
I don't care what the future holds
Because I am cooled by the Joshua's
Shadow.
Enveloping me, it opens its tandrils
Downward, scooping me up in its warm
Embrace.
As I leave, I take a piece of it to hold
In my heart forever.
Every heart has its Joshua, just as I have mine.

Justin Irons

It was dark in the Valley of Death
for life had come
and life had gone
in the brief flash
an instant of pain and death
an instant we call, "Armageddon"
but all was not gone
for the Moments of Decadence,
Growth, and ultimate destruction
still stood.
For an unearthly calm, blew
through the abandoned
streets, of the City of Death
Cleaning the streets
of the souls and the pain.
A City of Darkness
A City of Decadence
A City of Pain
a place where people play
but never stay.
Their souls drifting
across the barren lands
of a land long dead
where the souls of
the dead reside
A place yet marble
by a man in a cape
yet never to move
but only to wander.
Wonder what could have been
What should have been
in a battle scarred land
where a single flower still grows.
A symbol of life in Death and Future
in the end when men will rise again.

Olav Phillips

SENSE OF GREASE

ANDY MAR

I slowly take the two freshly wrapped burgers from the bag, careful not to let anything fall (or drip) out. The bag is decorated with a fresh puddle of oil, and looks like the bottom will fall out at any second. I wipe my hands on a napkin before I continue. The wonderful smell of meat and cheese bi-products covered with mounds of sauce, lettuce and pickles makes me temporarily forget my task as I inhale slowly. I unwrap the first sheet of aluminium, displaying a strange liquidy-film. I try not to think about what that could be. My hand trembles as I bring the sandwich closer to my mouth. I can see the patty gleaming in the artificial light of the restaurant. I bite in, trying to catch all the contents before they fall out into my lap. The taste is like no other; it's beautiful and satisfying. I wonder to myself why each bite can be so alike in texture, taste and appeal. I try to keep the burger in my hands, for my hands are starting to get a slick feel to them from holding the food. The second burger is identical to the first, except this one requires a little mopping up. I press my napkin bearing the fast-food chain's logo into the top of the bread, hoping that this action will remove some unwanted dripping. Too little, too late. I try not to think about the consequences of indulgence.

REVENGE

By Jenn Durst

My policy in life is not to get angry or mad, but to get even. You see, there is a certain art to getting revenge. I doesn't just come naturally. You must perfect it and work at it. In order to be the revenge master, you must be able to go beyond all limits to carry out you task. I will tell you how my sister became my next revenge victim.

Picture this, ten o'clock at night, I am in my room doing my homework when my sister walks into my room, saying, "Jenn, let me borrow your new outfit."

"Sure, Melissa, but remember it will cost you!" I smirked. I gave in because I could already feel the revenge in my bones.

As I came home from school the feeling of revenge encompassed me. With my mind full ideas, I went about executing my mission.

Let's see, what should I do to her first? I'll go find today's mail and see if she had any letters. Great, she got a letter from her good friend in Kansas. Delight flows into my fingers and the fun begins. My hands turn into automatic paper shredders as the letter floats aimlessly into the garbage can. The phone rings and I sprint to get it.

An annoying voice on the other end says, "Hi, is Melissa there?"

"No." I cackle.

"Can you ask her if she can go the Great America with me tomarrow? If she doesn't call back, I'll know she can't go. Thanks a lot, bye." says my sister's friend. Sure, she'll get the message. Oh well, she can go some other day.

My sister shouts to me, "Good night!"

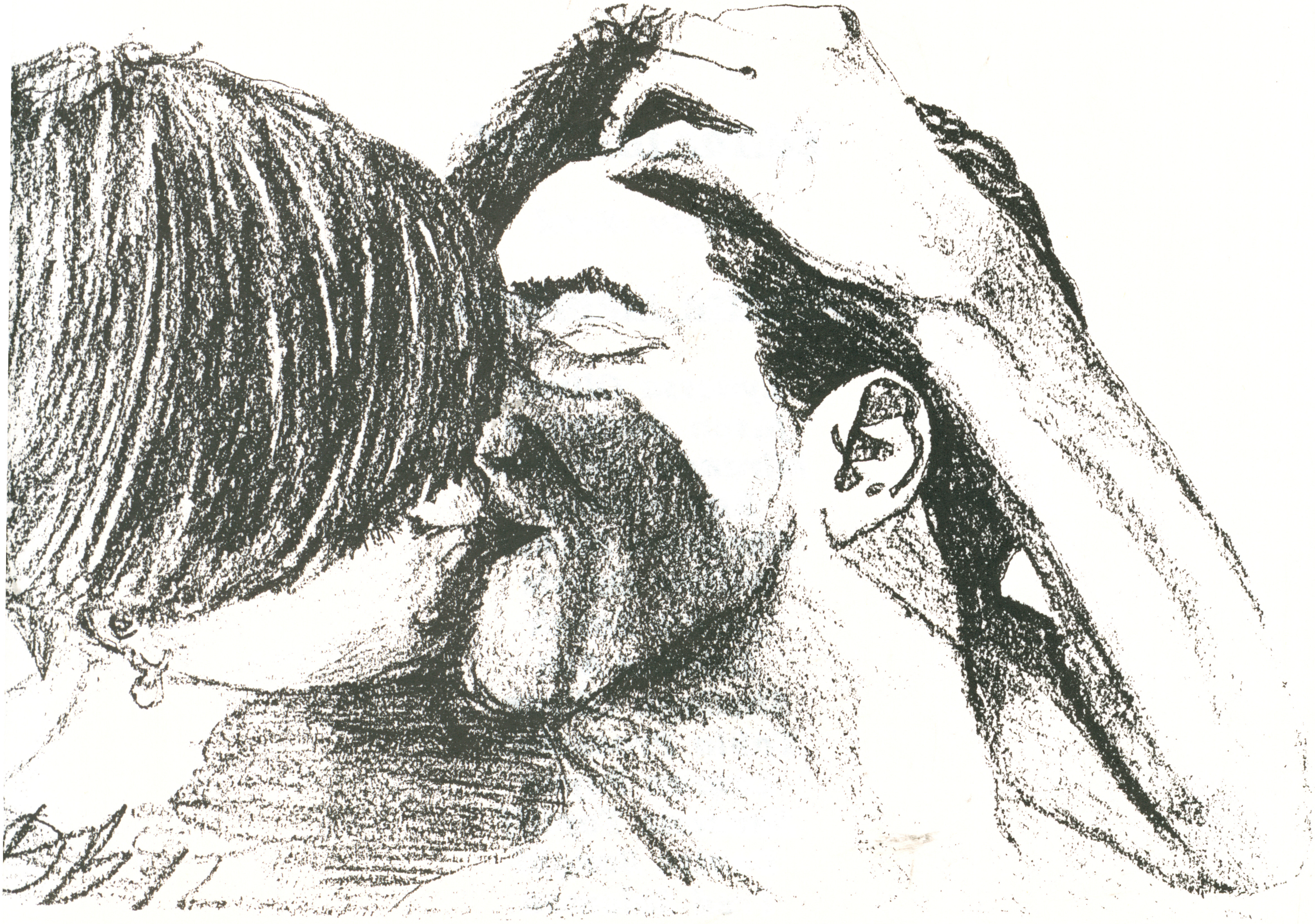
What? Good night? Where has the day gone? I still must perform the ultimate revenge. Well, I guess I'll let her sleep for awhile and see what else I can think of.

I walk into her room, making sure I don't make a sound, and scream, "Melissa, wake up it's time to go to school. You better hurry because you are running late!"

"I have to get up already? What time is it?" she squeaks.

"It's 7:30 and the carpool is coming at eight. You better hurry up!" I shout.

Zoom, she sprints down the hall into the bathroom. As she checks the clock loud screeching sounds erupt from her mouth. As soon as I hear those screams of anguish, I know my mission is accomplished. Oh, and remember, don't get mad, get even.



Swim with me
Swim to the ends of the earth
We'll dive off
Laughing at the flat world
Dive off into love
Hold my hand
Fish will smile
And jelly fish will blush
We'll string
Empty shells on seaweed
Tie our hair back
With Angelfish
Love me
Come with me.

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